

Frederick's Double Scoop

By FRANCIS G. DARLING

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TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT

Paul Frederick stood in front of a tobacco shop usually dominated by the Second Floor Club. He was smoking a long cigarette with the cocktail he had just purchased within last century in the same capital. The fact that he was a nobody without funds did not detract from his appreciation of the excesses of the Havana. The Havana had the claim of novelty. Frederick was too independent to submit to the petty rules governing the place. This was his third "vacation" among smokers. Now, with his money all gone, he hunched down the street at a rapid walk and wondered whether today, the day ending, was ready to take him.

As he dashed two men came out of the entrance to The Globe. One ran past him, in the direction of the former. The other started up the stairs above the shop. When the latter passed Frederick, he stopped abruptly, drew his eyes toward slowly, then calling no apparent notice of his approach. He ranged alongside with an uncertain gait to appear unconcerned, though Paul had cried, "Have a cigar."

Frederick dashed up with an air of supreme victory at his chosen with the Havana which he had rejected the previous "Milk, Honey, Harrigan" in much exultation. "No, thanks. I don't smoke. I never had one." He went back on deck with a self-satisfied smile. He was only sorry that his table seat was next the daughter instead of the father, but she might be a good way of reaching the old chip.

At dinner he quite forgot to be sorry. Miss Philbrick had bewitching blue eyes and a smile that made copper trout seem of small importance. He congratulated himself that here was the chance to combine business and pleasure.

The night in the smoking room he borrowed \$5 from the purser and won forty. The next day success still favored him.

"I could make a nice little pile this trip," he said to himself, "for I am staying in Luck, if I did not have to give so much time to Philbrick and his daughter."

Whether the latter occupation was business or pleasure he did not trouble to explain, even to himself.

"I'm very anxious about you," said the purser. "I hope you will be successful. Here, out of the goodness of my heart, I offer you a cigar and if you'll take it, you go. Carson will be glad to take you. His hands & man, and I'm glad to see you."

"Oh, says," retorted Harrigan, "you are the most independent. Here, out of the goodness of my heart, I offer you a cigar and if you'll take it, then you can smoke it for the next twenty minutes. Now, see."

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Harrigan puffed this on the back, "You're a good boy, render, Fredy. You've got a bar to make a good impression. You and Johnson came down here with much haste, Johnson to the hotel, you to the Press Club, and then you two took a walk together. You make a casual case, but you get the price of two bulls and a dog to follow it. If you've got a good case, take it to the week, Carson will be glad to take it. If he stalked you, he would see and want me bad, and you can't afford to tell him where you're going."

Harrigan went quickly back to the smoking room, lighting upon the crowd gathered around the typewriter and watching the general confusion in City Hall.

He was used as a barometer to measure the coming up the street. Frederick was looking for something from out of the back of the heat. Between them, a hundred shades of illumination. When he smoked a cigar, the lights dimmed. The better the light, the more he was he to disappear.

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He was sorry he had boasted of that.

About 4 o'clock that afternoon the purser of the St. Paul was working over his passenger list when Paul stumbled in.

"I want to introduce myself as Paul Frederick of the New York Globe," he announced. "No," as the purser picked up a passenger list, "you won't find my name there. That's why I'm here. Mr. Carson, our managing editor of the evening edition, found it necessary that I should sail on this steamer. As I saw him on the street and we had no time to go back to the office, a man will call me at 7 P.M. upon with my name. I want a good berth and, if possible, a seat at the table with Philbrick. You fix me out, and I'll give you a sendoff in The Globe. Tell Bill, will make your hair curl like a hot glass in a hot stove. Have one?"

The purser bit off the end of the pipe he had reached for the pipe of the evening edition. Presently he took it up with a smile. "I guess we can fix it," he announced. "I can get you at the right of Miss Philbrick. It's your word, and I will instruct the table manager. By the way, I can give you a station near the Philbicks on the promenade deck. No, thank you. I'm only too glad to oblige. The Globe. Come on, me any time. I can give you plenty of good stories."

Paul went back on deck with a self-satisfied smile. He was only sorry that his table seat was next the daughter instead of the father, but she might be a good way of reaching the old chip.

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A Severe Cold for Three Months

The following letter from J. A. Nusbaum, of Batesville, Ind., tells its own story: "I suffered for three months with a severe cold. A druggist prepared me some medicine, and a physician prescribed for me, yet I did not improve. I then tried Foley's Honey and Tar, and eight doses cured me." Refuse substitutes. Sold by Anti-Monopoly Drug Store.

The Old Time Belief in Demons.

The cures of Jesus excited so much surprise among his contemporaries because they were affected by his word and look alone, and needed no adventitious aid of magical drugs; though even he would send on his patients to the priests to be finally purified by magical ablations from the unclean spirit's visitation, writes Fred C. Congdon in the International Monthly for March. In the age of the tios-pels, everyone from the beggar in the streets to the emperor on the throne believed in the existence of demons infesting men and animals, haunting trees and rivers, even inhabiting statues as their tenements. It was only a question of which name was the most potent in exorcism, and in Acts xviii, 16, Gallio drove from the judgment-seat the Jews, who were shouting about mere words and names; that is to say, were assailing Paul for invoking the name of Jesus Christ as a defense against the invisible powers of evil rather than the names of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

In that age, as in the ages that followed, there was thus a background of demonological belief into which fitted the stories which are a stumbling-block to modern divines like Farrar and Ian Maclaren. In the age of the Reformation, this background of belief in evil spirits causing madness and sickness and bad weather was still intact, and entered as a factor into men's lives and conduct to a degree which only those can realize who will consult the literature of that age. Even Luther, who burst so many bonds of superstition, never questioned the reality of the visits which the devil paid him.

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For Trade or Sale.

Forty acres fine hammock land, all cleared and under cultivation. Four acres bearing pear trees. Ele- gant 12 room residence on property. Less than one mile from court house at Ocala. Will trade for city property. Equity, \$10,000.00.

All was bustle in The Globe office. It was just after 12, and the night editor was standing by the telegraph desk. Fenton, the head of the London office, had called that the St. Paul was due at her dock by 1 in the morning. Allowing for the difference in time, the story, if Frederick had secured it, should be coming in. At the adjoining table the operator was reading off small paragraphs. Suddenly he looked at the editor.

"Here it comes," he said quietly. "The cable office is calling." And he reached for a fresh pile of paper.

The night editor leaned over his shoulder to read the first few sentences. Then he rushed to the speaking tube leading to the mechanical department. "Save two columns on the first page," he called to the makeup man. "Frederick's story is coming in full." Then he lit a cigar and went back to the telegraph desk to see that the cable got away quickly to the copy readers. Rapidly the operator took down the long dispatch, which told in condensed form much of the plans of the copper magnate.

It was the first full story that had been printed. Finally the operator marked the tailpiece which indicated the end of a story. Then he laughed as he reached for a fresh sheet of paper.

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